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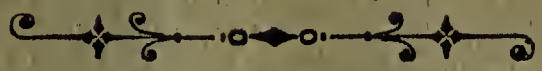
REV. WILLIAM KING EDDY

Twenty-eight Years a Missionary in Sidon, Syria

DIED NOVEMBER FOURTH

1906



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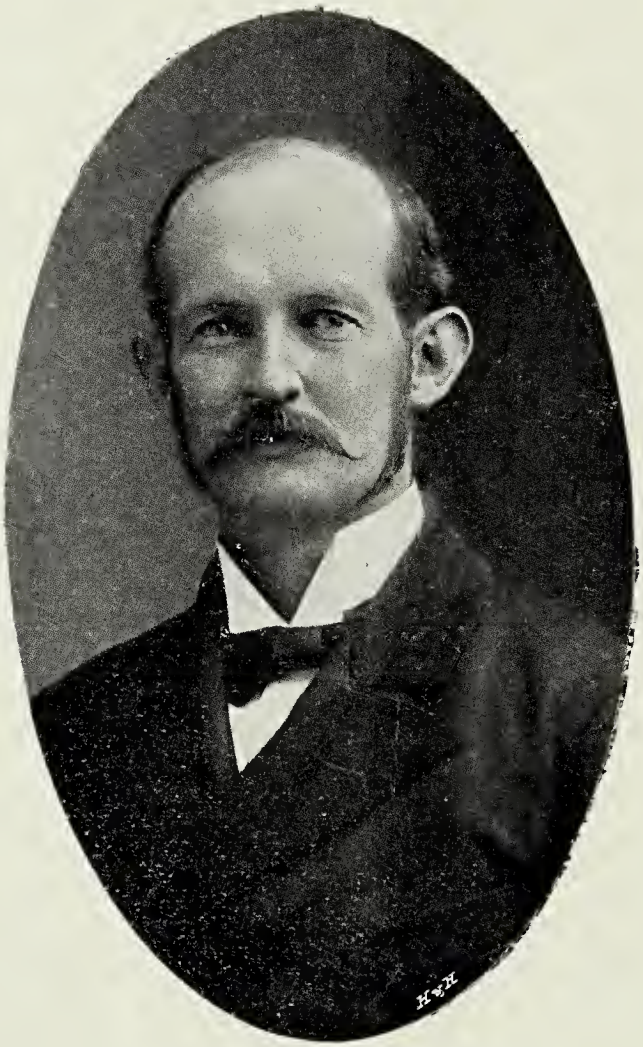

REV. WILLIAM KING EDDY.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF

REVEREND WILLIAM KING EDDY

Of Sidon, Syria.

A Symposium of History,
Letters, Articles and Testimonials relating to the
Character, Work and Death of this devoted Christian Missionary,
a Member of the Syria Mission.

Together with Minutes
Passed by the Mission and the Board of Foreign
Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

PARAS
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REVEREND WILLIAM KING EDDY,

52 Years of Age,

Twenty-eight Years a Missionary in Sidon, Syria,

DIED NOVEMBER 4, 1906.

The sudden and unexpected death of this Sidon missionary has brought sorrow to family and friends, and severe loss to the work of the Syria Mission. The shock of his death is felt all over Syria. Physically he was apparently one of the strongest men in the Mission, and only fifty-two years of age, being born in Beirut, March 13th, 1854. At the age of sixteen he went to the United States to pursue his college and seminary courses. He graduated at Princeton College in 1875. Of his college days, a Professor now in the Syrian Protestant College spoke as follows at a memorial service recently held in Beirut: "I heard of Mr. Eddy in Princeton College before I ever thought of being in Syria with him. A cousin of mine was a classmate of his and a warm admirer. He exerted a marked influence in college, and it did not end with his days there. I heard about it from more than one. He was a man among men, and he knew in a peculiar manner how to win men, and to enter into the lives of men who needed his sane and wisely helpful influence." In 1878 he graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, having spent a summer in work in the New Brunswick logging district. A letter from a theological professor in a prominent university bears testimony to this work as follows: "I have never met him, but our lives crossed in the fact that he spent during the period of his theological study a year at Bailey, New Brunswick, where I labored also as a theological student in the following summer. I used at that time to hear much about him and have always followed his career with interest."

After these eight years in America Mr. Eddy returned to Syria, and was stationed in Sidon to take the place of his father, Rev. W. W. Eddy, D.D., who had been transferred to Beirut to teach in the Theological Seminary. He had thus been twenty-eight years in active missionary service in the Sidon field. Born in this country of godly and efficient missionary parents, and brought up in Sidon, Mr. Eddy was peculiarly equipped for his arduous life-work. Knowledge of the difficult Arabic language was his Syrian heritage. He needed no margin of laborious language-study, as he was "to the manner born," and he was able at once to enter upon preaching, teaching, and caring for the infant churches, a work in which he was actively engaged up to the last day of his life. He preached in Arabic with great freedom, using the peculiar idioms of the language with telling force. His knowledge of the Arabic was equalled only by his knowledge of the Scriptures, of human nature, and of the peculiar needs of the Syrian people.

He had the qualities which would have made him successful as a banker, a diplomat, a lawyer, an antiquarian, or a city pastor. He was one of the strongest, most active and capable missionaries ever known to Syria,—called in the height of his usefulness from the midst of a work in a wide and difficult field, in which, through divine grace, by dint of patient, unstinted effort, he had substantially advanced the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Eddy was one of the *rare* men, and rare men are few. He was marked by modesty and self-forgetfulness. His intense activity, unswerving faith, and simple Christian life, his desire for souls through evangelistic effort, his varied knowledge, superb mastery of the Syrian character, incisive executive genius, keen legal acumen, and generous unselfish thoughtfulness,—these and many other traits only his associates have realized, because he was too modest ever to make a display of them. He would not willingly listen to a word of praise in his favor.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Eddy almost never wrote for publication. What he *was* was concealed behind what he *did* and why he did it. He truly "counted all things but loss." "The love of Christ constrained" him. An unobtrusive, self-effacing

spirit was a prominent characteristic. He had no titles; yet in many lines of knowledge and research that are commonly rewarded with honorary degrees he was amply deserving. In his preaching "the common people heard him gladly,"—his own people out in the Syrian villages, the pupils in the boarding-schools and the College. They always received something practical and ennobling. At the last gathering of the Mission he presented a suggestion for general evangelistic meetings that will doubtless bear much good fruit. All the people evinced respect and affection and love for him. One man had heard so many people speak of him and say, "But you ought to know Mr. Eddy," that he became very anxious to see what kind of a man he could be that so many should speak of him. When he met him and came to know him, he understood. In the recent settling of Mr. Eddy's business matters, a father to whom he had loaned money to put his boy in the boarding-school came voluntarily to repay the loan, and broke down with emotion at the thought that he could not return the money to the hand that had given it to him.

Mr. Eddy knew well the Syrian character, and early in his career gained the confidence of the better classes and the respect of outwitted tricksters. His judgment, wisdom and skill in dealing with men were highly appreciated by associates, business men and all classes. He always knew all about a man,—his past history, his family, his present condition, in minute detail. He knew the failures and the successes. He knew whom to trust and whom to suspect. In visiting new places in his own or other fields he showed a wonderful ability to grasp the situation. After a few minutes' conversation he seemed to know the people and would call this one and that one by name, as if he had long been associated with them. People depended upon him, and those in trouble and need would come to him. He showed marvellous tact in handling men, and marvellous knowledge of human character. He knew by intuition when to be firm with men, when to plead, when to urge them. A very marked characteristic was his fine optimism,—he was always hopeful, always full of faith in the success of the work,—success was bound to come. For example, resignation of a much-needed teacher at 'Alma led to a

rather despairing question from a younger fellow-missionary. Mr. Eddy replied, "I don't believe that any man is necessary in the Lord's work. If it *is His* work, He will provide." The influence of his life and death is already making itself evident in bringing to some of the Syrian brethren a new insight into the meaning of the spiritual life such as they had never had before, and a realization of the need of their own efforts to help on the work.

As an itinerating missionary the greater part of the year was spent in travel from Sidon eastward beyond Hermon, southward nearly to Acre. Extremes of heat and cold, drought and flood, dust and mud, wide roads and mountain paths were yearly experiences. He travelled much by night and worked by day. He lived plainly; was much with the people, entering heartily and tactfully into all that made up the round of their lives. None were too humble or too rough. Thieves and robbers were among his converts; light and cheer were brought into many darkened homes. In the informal social gatherings with the people he would always deftly lead the conversation, or turn it into useful and spiritual channels. When questions about world-politics came up (as they so often do in Syrian village gatherings), he was always ready to give them information, but more, to apply it in some helpful way to their own experiences and needs. His spirituality was natural and helpful. He was not one to talk much of such things,—was not given to cant,—but he always had some helpful thoughts and suggestions to give. In all his work he was modest and retiring, yet brave and fearless in the discharge of duty. Fidelity was his watchword, — loyalty to his Master the basis of his life. One of his most striking gifts was his prophetic instinct, rarely found in men to-day. It was certainly evidenced at the end. And it gave him a distinguishing quality of seeing others' needs even before they themselves were aware of them. And with him to know was to act. Mr. Eddy had a profound love for Syria and its people.

His duties were extremely various. In the true apostolic sense Mr. Eddy became "all things to all men, that he might by all means save some." He undertook lines of work never before attempted. For example, some years ago he gathered funds, in-

vested them for their owners at a good rate of interest in buying outright two Lebanon villages of their unscrupulous, tyrannical Druze owners, and then sold them on easy terms to the oppressed tenant-farmers, who blessed God for this wise and thoughtful way to secure for them in fee-simple their own farms and houses. In like manner scores of people whom he secretly tided over some distress now bear testimony to his kindness. At a recent gospel service in a village near Sidon the whole company of villagers broke into sobs and tears at the mere mention of his name. But very few of his beneficences will be known or heard of in this world.

As a guide and companion nearly every new missionary, College tutor and special traveller has had opportunity to enjoy his genial fellowship and sparkling wit in tours through the mission field, up Hermon, to the Jordan, and in the nearer Bedawin land. Nothing of interest escaped him in archæology, botany, landscape, birds, animals, customs, costumes, Biblical references, mission work. Every faculty was alert for the profit of his companions. He knew all Syria and a large part of Palestine better than any paid dragoman. In camp and on the road no least attention to the traveller's comfort or safety was omitted. Hunting was his special delight. If possible, the game was always shared with the other missionary families. At the Cairo Conference last spring all were impressed with his great knowledge of the country and the people, and drank in every word that he uttered.

In legal matters his was easily the keenest mind that the Mission has possessed for years. He had a thorough grasp of Turkish law (an excellent code in itself), as well as pre-eminent ability to cope with official and unofficial abusers of that law. The amount of legal business transacted by a missionary in Syria is considerable, largely because every religious sect looks to its head for protection and aid. And no one with a just cause came to Mr. Eddy in vain. He sympathized with the poor villagers in their poverty and sufferings under the extortions and misrule of corrupt officials, and by his legal knowledge was able to save many from false imprisonment and ruin. But his efforts have not been confined to cases of local interest. He has dealt most astutely with the problems that are now awaiting settlement between the

Sultan and the Department of State at Washington. His excellent judgment and clear statement will be greatly missed in these crucial months and years.

His general executive ability was a large factor in his success. His mind seemed to grasp every detail and probable outcome of a proposition, and formed an unequivocal decision rapidly and unerringly, — so much so that one of the ladies of the station once said to him, "Mr. Eddy, don't you ever make mistakes?" (He doubtless promptly disavowed any claim to inerrancy). This quickness of decision, coupled with a keen knowledge of men, enabled him to accomplish an unusually large amount of work. His ability as organizer is seen in the efficient native Presbytery of the Sidon field. In his associations with the Syrian brethren he was patient, impartial, earnest and indefatigable. The last summer, at Presbytery, after much prayer and personal conference with the brethren, he persuaded the churches in a half-dozen towns to assume hereafter the entire expense of their own boys' schools, and his last work was the distribution of leaflets with pledge cards, urging all the church members in Syria to practise systematic benevolence.

In the Mission circle his position was one of unobtrusive leadership. During the regular Mission meetings he was frugal of speech, but his opinion was highly esteemed. Without him no meeting was considered fully organized for deliberation and action. He seemed indispensable to the Mission, and to the Sidon field and work. The burden now falls heavily on the remaining laborers. The forces can be readjusted, but his place can never be filled.

As a student Mr. Eddy took time to keep up his Greek and Latin. Altho his house was seldom free from business callers of one kind and another, almost every morning a portion in the Greek Testament was read, while his Arabic Bible was even more familiar to him than the English. Of general and periodical literature and religious publications he was a careful, discriminating reader,— hence an intelligent and interesting talker.

His filial thought and care, specially in later years, for his aged parents was beautiful. A fellow-traveller tells of a marked exhi-

bition of self-denial on a tour in stormy weather. They had reached Deir Mimas in a hard storm, cold and weary, and at night Mr. Eddy was seen to give up proper covering for himself that he might doubly supply his father that night. If it be claimed that a son should not follow his father into the same mission field, surely W. K. Eddy proved the opposite possibility. He was a glorious example of the success of the second generation.

Who would venture, unbidden, to open the door upon the home-life? The calm, steady influence of Mrs. Eddy has been a potent factor in her husband's successful career. She has done her full share in the united life-service. Well-trained children, cheerful performance of daily tasks, mutual Christian love, unaffected hospitality, have characterized this missionary home. Mr. Eddy's heart was with his children. There was always opportunity, when at home, for reading to them, or hearing them recite hymns, or giving them something useful from his well-filled store of knowledge, walking, riding, or swimming with them, inculcating the truths and principles that made his life what it was to him and to others. May the God of all comfort abide in the hearts of wife and children.

His peaceful, beautiful death seemed as the "Amen" to a noble, harmonious anthem. He was encamped in Wady Darbaz, about four miles and a half distant from both Bussah and 'Alma at the north-east end of the plain of Acre. His tent companions were his two sons, Clarence, twelve years old, and William, ten, his servant Hasan, and his Bedawi disciple and devoted friend 'Ali Berdan. Hasan he had taken care of when a poor boy, and he had proved to be a most faithful and thoughtful servant to Mr. Eddy in his constant itinerating over the mountains and plains of southern Syria and northern Palestine. 'Ali, who was once a noted robber, sheep thief and highwayman, became acquainted with Mr. Eddy on a hunting expedition, and admired his marksmanship so much that he accompanied him on his tours through that wild and lawless region. By degrees he left off cursing, swearing, lying and stealing, and his change was so striking that the Arabs and villagers of that whole region between Tyre and

Tiberias called Mr. Eddy 'Ali's "kussis," or minister. He loved Mr. Eddy and would do anything for him.

Mr. Eddy had been on a long tour through the villages north, south and west of Mount Hermon, and after a few days of rest at Sidon set out on Wednesday, October 31st, for another tour to Tyre, 'Alma, Bussah and Safad. Professor Carrier, of McCormick Theological Seminary, who had been with him on the Mount Hermon trip, went with him as far as Tyre, and then pursued his journey to Jerusalem, while Mr. Eddy turned eastward to Bussah, and pitched his tent near a fine stream of water four miles and a half east of the town. On Saturday, November 3rd, he told his two men to take the boys on a hunting trip into the forest and among the rugged hills, as he wished to rest and prepare for two communion seasons the next day at Bussah and 'Alma. They returned at evening, very weary, and after supper all retired, father and sons in the tent on iron travelling bedsteads, and Hasan and 'Ali in the cook's tent. Before midnight Mr. Eddy was seized with acute pain in the heart and called Hasan, who came with 'Ali and found him suffering and speaking only with great difficulty. The boys awoke and sat up in bed. Mr. Eddy said to them, "My sons, I am about to die, good-bye." He gave them various messages, to their mother and others, and asked Clarence to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm, and said, "Now, boys, lie down and sleep, it is too cold for you to get up." (Thoughtful to the end!) Beautifully he wove into the sad news of impending death affectionate remembrance of his life-long associate, recently married in America. "To-day Dr. Ford and his bride have sailed from New York on their way to Syria, and to-day I am beginning my journey from Syria to Heaven." 'Ali offered to gallop to Bussah for medical aid. Mr. Eddy said, "No, 'Ali, I am too near the end; nothing can avail now; I shall soon be gone." To him he declared his absolute trust in Christ for the hour of death. He then gave Hasan messages to Dr. Samuel Jessup and Dr. Mary Eddy, and to the church in Mejdeluna (whom he had specially helped). When the paroxysms of pain came on 'Ali and Hasan brought hot stones from the fireplace outside, where the food had been cooked, and placed them at his feet, which were growing icy cold. They chaf-

ed his hands and did all in their power to relieve him. About 1 a.m., Sunday, November 4th, he said to Hasan, "You can see by my pulse that death is near. When I cease to breathe, close my eyes, dress me in my clothes, take all my papers and the contents of my pockets, wrap them and carry them to Mrs. Eddy. Pack up the tent equipage and carry me to Bussah, and there Mr. Shikri will make a coffin. Then take me to Sidon. I wish my body to be buried there, among my people, and not in my lot in the Beirut cemetery." He then placed his hand on 'Ali's head and bade him and Hasan a loving good-bye. His voice was growing weaker. He said to his little sons, "Sleep on now; I shall sleep, and not wake here." His pulse grew feebler and his breathing ceased. His soul passed on to glory.

Silence fell upon the lonely camp. The little boys say that they could not sleep, nor could they get warm. "How could we get warm, when our hearts were so cold." At length one of them left his bed, got in with his brother, and, locked in each other's arms, they fell asleep.

Mr. Eddy had for some time been conscious that a mortal malady was fastened upon him. With true prophetic instinct he had said to his wife, "I shall some day die suddenly, so do not be alarmed when you hear of my death. I would prefer to die in the wilderness where I have spent so much of my time." And his desire was accomplished. He died in his missionary tent, away from the habitations of men, in the silence of the midnight, in those mountains of "Galilee of the Gentiles," his loyal disciple, the Bedawi, 'Ali Berdan, being the last to watch his expiring breath.

When all was finished, in the quiet of the night, 'Ali rode to Bussah and brought bearers. The camp was packed and taken to the town. The bearers bore the dear form on a stretcher to Bussah, where it was laid in the public open area, and the villagers surrounded it with great lamentations. Shikri, a devoted friend and helper of Mr. Eddy, prepared a coffin. It was borne three miles down to the seashore near Zib (the ancient Achzib), where a boat with eight oarsmen was engaged to take the body to Sidon. After rowing eleven miles, opposite the Ladder of Tyre, a fierce north wind arose and made rowing impossible. They drew

up to the beach and tried to tow the boat with a rope, but this was dangerous with the rising surf. They then landed, engaged a camel from a passing caravan, and set out for Tyre, seven miles distant. At Ras el Ain, three miles south of Tyre, they met a wagon and a company of friends, the pastor, Rev. Asaad Abbud, the Misses Walker and Onslow of the British Syrian School, and others. At the bridge of the river Kasimeyeh, five miles north of Tyre, they met Mr. Stuart Jessup and the Sidon pastor, Mr. Khalil Rasi, in a carriage, who took the wearied little orphan boys on with them to Sidon, where the party arrived about 10 p.m., met and accompanied by large numbers of the brethren and friends. Muhammed Effendi Dada, a Moslem, one of the most devotedly-attached friends of Mr. Eddy, and a skilful carpenter, superintended the making of an appropriate coffin in the industrial shops, to replace the rough box made in Bussah, and after the body was transferred to it, it was placed in the chapel for the night.

The sad telegraphic news reached Beirut at 2 p.m., Sunday, as also Tripoli and Zahleh. Dr. Mary P. Eddy, at Maameletain, near Beirut, was informed of her brother's death, and set out by moonlight with Miss Horne and the pastor of the Beirut church, Rev. Asaad Rasi, by carriage for Sidon. On Monday morning at 6 Messrs. Nelson, of Tripoli, William Jessup, of Zahleh, and H. H. Jessup and March, of Beirut, with Professor Porter and Mr. Kurban, of the College, and Mr. Powell, U.S. Vice-Consul-General, left for Sidon, arriving about noon.

The funeral was held at 2 p.m. in the ancient Crusaders' hall, the present chapel of the boarding schools. It was a magnificent tribute to the memory of the departed one,—the spontaneous manifestation of love, honor and respect from all classes,—Christians, Moslems and Jews. Representatives of some twenty villages were present to do him reverence, some from 'Alma 30 miles distant. The crowds about the chapel were so great that the street outside was blocked. The services were conducted by Drs. Henry and Samuel Jessup, Rev. F. W. March, Professor Porter, Rev. William Jessup and Rev. Asaad Abbud.

As the procession passed through the streets, the Moslems shut their shops and stood in silence on both sides of the street,

and many of them walked the mile out to the cemetery. Thousands of the people of Sidon and vicinity crowded into the streets and open spaces as the funeral line advanced. The head of the Romish Latin convent exclaimed as the cortége passed, "That man has gone straight to heaven." Three elegiac poems were recited over the grave by young men of the Gerard Institute. The expressions of sympathy were very affecting. As the people left the cemetery, the missionaries stood with Dr. Nelson, the brother of Mrs. Eddy, near the gate to receive, according to Syrian custom, the parting bow and salutation of the friends. One elderly Moslem called out, "We shall never forget *him,* we shall never forget you, God comfort you." The grief of the people, old and young, of teachers and preachers and neighbors, was very great. It was a solemn hour for all. Sidon and Syria had lost a champion.

Minute passed by the Syria Mission at their Annual Meeting in Beirut, December 13th, 1906, and engrossed upon the Records.

"Since it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take our beloved brother, Rev. William King Eddy, to his blessed and eternal reward, we bow in loyal submission to His inscrutable wisdom, knowing with certainty that since He is Love, even this our loss that seems to us so great and irreparable, is designed by Him to be a real gain. The gain, however, is concealed in a somewhat distant and hidden future, while the loss is a present one in full and painful sight. Rarely does it fall to the lot of any man to fill so large a sphere in his community as our lamented brother filled, and the striking testimony of the public mourning caused by his removal bore ample and unmistakable witness to his pre-eminence in those gifts and virtues that endear a man to his fellowmen.

Mr. Eddy was the son of the well-known missionaries to Syria, Rev. William Woodbridge Eddy, D.D., and Hannah Maria Condit, his wife, and was born in Beirut, on March 13th, 1854. At the age of sixteen he went to the United States for his education. He graduated at Princeton College in 1875, and at Prince-

ton Theological Seminary in 1878. In October of the same year he came out to Syria to take up alone the work of the Sidon station, from which his father had just been called to Beirut. He was married in 1885 to Miss Bessie M. Nelson, daughter of Rev. Henry A. Nelson, D.D., and continued in his labors in Sidon station for twenty-eight years, until his decease. He entered into rest from his camp in the wilderness near Bussah, S.E. of Tyre, in the early morning of November fourth, 1906.

His wife and six children, between the ages of six and twenty, survive him, and his two sisters, Mrs. F. E. Hoskins and Dr. Mary P. Eddy, are still with us in this Mission field, while another brother and sister are in the United States. We affectionately commend to the tender care of our Heavenly Father this bereaved family, one and all, and extend to them our deepest sympathy. At the same time, we congratulate them upon the richness of the legacy that has been left them,—the legacy of a good name that is better than great riches, and of a life-time well filled with kindly ministries such as the inspired writer had in view when he said, "And their works do follow them."

Our brother was endowed with unusual talents, and laid them all on the altar of service. To a very rare degree did he refrain from using his gifts and opportunities for his own benefit. To a remarkable degree did he plan for the comfort and benefit of all those with whom he came into contact. His thorough knowledge of the land and its people, customs and language, reinforced his unusual acumen and splendid memory, thus giving him marked power in dealing with the endless variety of problems that fill a missionary's life. His foresight and forethought were very striking; his wit exuberant and original, and always on the high plane of dignity and good sense. His sympathies were quick and fruitful, and in all his relations his resourcefulness and tact were astonishing. As would be expected of such a personality, he had achieved a fine reputation throughout the country and was devotedly loved by a large circle. His gifts and activities and attainments made him a leader among his missionary colleagues, looked up to and trusted in all our missionary councils. Truly "the memory of the just is blessed."

Removed from us by death in the zenith of his powers, we speak honestly when we say that his place cannot be filled. None the less is it true that God is able to turn even this great loss into gain, to the glory of His name and the extension of His Kingdom, and for this we unitedly and earnestly do pray."

Minute upon the Death of the Reverend William King Eddy, passed by The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at its Meeting.

"A heavy bereavement has befallen the cause of Foreign Missions in the sudden death, by heart failure, of Rev. William King Eddy, of Sidon, Syria, November 4, 1906.

Mr. Eddy was born to a rich missionary inheritance, for he was the son of the famous Rev. W. W. Eddy, D.D., who went to Syria in 1851, and who, after a long and eminently useful career as a missionary, died in Beirut, January 29th, 1900. William K. was born at Beirut, March 13th, 1854. After receiving such training as was possible in the home, he came to this country and spent a year at the Mt. Pleasant Military Academy at Ossinning, N.Y., after which he went to Princeton College and Theological Seminary, graduating from the former in 1875, and from the latter in 1878. He was ordained in the latter year by the Presbytery of Westchester.

Of sweet and strong Christian faith, he felt consecrated from his infancy to foreign missionary work in the land of his birth. Applying for appointment, he was commissioned by the Board, February 25th, 1878, and on September 1st of that year he had the happiness of sailing for Syria. He was assigned to Sidon, where his father had been stationed for many years. April 20th, 1885, he married Miss Bessie M. Nelson, the daughter of the Rev. Henry A. Nelson, D.D., so widely known as a Moderator of the General Assembly and later the editor of "The Church at Home and Abroad." Miss Nelson, as might be expected from such parentage, was herself in deep sympathy with Christian work and

was at the time of her marriage a teacher in the Sidon Seminary for Girls. Six children blessed their union, of whom two, Ruth and Dora, are now in Oxford College, Ohio, and another, Condit Nelson, is at Wooster University. Three younger boys are in Sidon with the stricken mother.

Mr. Eddy developed remarkable power as a missionary. He was a man of more than ordinary intellectual ability and force of character. His whole heart was in evangelistic work. The Mission assigned to him the care of an extensive district, including many out-stations with their churches and schools. The Syrian pastors and helpers under his superintendence needed and received his constant co-operation in a thousand matters. He was indefatigable in his labors. He spent no small part of each year on horseback, visiting the various parts of his great bishopric, sleeping in the native houses, exposing himself freely to every kind of hardship and privation, travelling in summer's heat and winter's cold, and not only in sunshine but in rain and snow. In the mingled beauty and strength of his Christian consecration, he was an ideal missionary. He took, too, a deep interest in matters outside of his own immediate field. He was one of the best informed men in the world regarding the political, economic and moral problems in the Turkish Empire.

He had hosts of friends, not only in the First Church of Nyack, N.Y., which counted it an honor and a privilege to support him, but in many other places which he had visited on furlough, and where people had come to know of his life and work. In Syria he had an extraordinary hold upon the confidence and affection of his associates, and the Syrian Christians and the Moslems themselves who could not but admire and respect the inflexible courage, the indomitable perseverance and the perfect integrity of this devoted missionary.

It is a sore thing from a human view-point that such a man should have been suddenly stricken in the prime of his life and at the height of his usefulness. We can only bow in humble submission to the will of God, and while mourning our heavy loss, be thankful for the abundant, fruitful years that he spent for God and for men.

The Board extends its deep sympathies to the bereaved wife and children and to the sorrowing relatives, among whom are such devoted and beloved missionaries as Mrs. F. E. Hoskins and Dr. Mary P. Eddy of Beirut."

ARTHUR J. BROWN,
Secretary.

The following hymn (written by Montgomery) was sung at a Memorial Service for Rev. William King Eddy, held in Memorial Hall, Beirut, Wednesday, December fifth, 1906.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

Servant of God! well done!
  Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
  Enter thy Master's joy!

The voice at midnight came;
  He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
  He fell, but felt no fear.

His spirit, with a bound,
  Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
  A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
  Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
  His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ! well done!
  Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
  Rest in thy Saviour's joy!